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"PEARLS
AND
BROKEN PINIONS"

An above the Gensor Scenario

BY

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November 1921

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Lethbridge, Alberta



"PEARLS AND BROKEN PINIONS"

TIME: Today.

PLACE: Any American City.

THEME: The sweetest boon in the life of a girl is the heaven-born gift of chastity.

CAST.

LUCY MELROSE, just a sweet girl. Age, about 18

ADA MELROSE, Lucy's mother. " " 40

MARY JAMIESON, Ada's sister. " " 45

MRS. MORRIS, Randy's mother. " " 50

RANDY MORRIS " " 20

CLARENCE MARSHALL, millionaire " " 25

REVEREND DOBSON. " " 60

SOCIETY PEOPLE—COUNTRY FOLK

OVERALL'S LIMITED.  PRINTERS, LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA

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SYNOPSIS

It is a country scene. Mrs. Morris, a jolly old lady of the corpulent type, is in her vegetable garden, when Lucy Melrose enters at the little gate and walks forward in the sombre of the heavy leafed trees. Lucy is smiling, in fact she always smiles, by which she is known in the community as "smiling Lucy"—just an angel of cheer—a tease—a trick—a joke plus innumerable stunts of the "tom boy" order to make her the amusement of all who know her. How Mrs. Morris envies the girl's buoyant youth as they laugh and chat together, for even the latter can enjoy a laugh with the best of them.

In the distance Randy Morris, for whom Lucy has a tender spot, is seated on the proverbial old three legged milk-stool, milking "Old Brin" and whistling to the tune of the milk streams. With a spirit of pure devilment, Lucy steals softly forward and purposely frightens the old cow which, with a lunge, knocks Randy sprawling beneath a flood of milk. When you were a milk boy and an "Old Brin" kicked you over, drenching you with the white fluid, do you remember how the flood gates of your cuss words were immediately opened to a spontaneous flow? Well, this is just what happens to Randy, and he pours out a volley that wouldn't sound good in Sunday School. But how he is mortified, when, gathering himself, he sees Lucy, the girl he dearly loves, laughing hilariously,

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while in the rear, his mother is shaking her corpulent sides in full enjoyment of the tableau. But it is a past joke with Randy to be so much humiliated and especially in the presence of his best girl, but when Lucy removes her apron and wipes the milk from his shirt bosom, well—he wouldn't care a rap if "Old Brin" kicked him over again. The loss of the night's milk is doubly repaid in the fun of the occasion.

The greatest dream of happiness that could come to Randy Morris would be to some day be privileged to put Lucy's duds in his trunk, and with the Morris family Lucy is such a "bien venu" that she is always at home. Of course, when Mrs. Morris asks her to remain for supper she does not refuse. How Randy's heart goes pit-a-pat at the thought, and the manner in which he makes himself useful in the kitchen is not slow. As may be expected, Randy escorts Lucy home where, for the twentieth time, he asks her when she is going to say yes, and she answers: **FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME I ANSWER, THAT WE MUST WAIT TILL WE SHED OUR PIN FEATHERS.**" How she laughs at his embarrassment yet, as she leaves him at the gate, well—she could just give him a smacking kiss. Each looks back at the other and waves hands, like school-chum-lovers always do. As Andy admiringly watches her enter the house he says from the bottom of his heart: **"THE SWEETEST BOON IN THE LIFE OF A GIRL IS THE HEAVEN BORN GIFT OF CHASTITY."**

Mrs. Melrose has a call from old Rev. Dobson, who condescends to remain for supper, and is seated at the table when Lucy, whose absence her mother has really overlooked, enters the room—smiles

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as she greets the old minister, yet craftily registers her displeasure at his presence. Without further ceremony, however, Lucy begins telling the funny incident of Randy and the cow, neatly dramatizing the action as she relates it. How she laughs, and while her mother would be serious, she can not suppress her smiles. But not so with old Father Dobson who is prone to see evil in every thing that is not tinctured with the balm of the Sabbath—registers his disdain, all of which Lucy is keen to detect. When her mother exits, the old gentleman begins preaching to Lucy—tells her it is all wrong—that being so full of the devil can not but lead to the devil—In her quick witty nature she retorts. "NOTHING LIKE HAVING ENOUGH OF THE DEVIL IN YOU TO KEEP THE DEVIL OUT." The old man seems shocked, but her mother, who has just appeared in the door in time to hear the remark, wonders at the philosophy of the girl's words. After the minister leaves, her mother takes her somewhat to task, and Lucy knows just the scolding that is coming, yet she retorts. "I JUST HATE THE OLD PREACHING FOSSIL." However, her mother is patient and soon Lucy, who like all laughing girls that cry just as easy, is penitently brought to tears—she promises to be better in her deportment—more lady like.

The visit to the Melrose home of Mary Jamieson, Ada's sister and, of course, Lucy's aunt, is a momentous affair that has been looked forward to with fond anticipation. Such a swell city lady—How Lucy manages to copy after her refinement and especially at the table where she is exceedingly versatile in her table etiquette, and especially when she sees her aunt do so first, and this much to her

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mother's amusement and admiration. The one thing that concerns us in this story is that Aunt Mary is so charmed with the quality of Lucy's voice that—well—she just will not take no for an answer—Lucy must go to the city and take voice building. So came the time for Lucy to leave and Randy disconsolately accompanies her to the depot. As she has to say good-bye—well she has to say it and run to the train or she would boo-hoo right in his face, and when the train pulls out it seems that the last ray of Randy's happiness has vanished—

What a beautiful home Aunt Mary has—who wouldn't love the city—talk about the gilded halls we see in the movies—Lucy is transported, as it were, right into the Elysian fields of eternal happiness. Very proud of her niece, who is a picture of exquisite beauty, Mrs. Jamieson invites the young people to Lucy's party, and promises to introduce Lucy to the sweetest, dearest boy in the city, and wealth—well, he possesses millions. What anticipation—

Arrives the evening of the party and Lucy is robed in the sweetest little ball dress of georgette and satin, which embellishes her beauty until she looks like an angel of paradise. Then, at the table, as a result of Aunt Mary's coaching, she knows just which knife to pick up—and can sip soup from the side of her spoon with the best of them. The most novel thing of all is that Clarence Marshall, the promised millionaire, is given a seat beside her. Lucy, of course, can not help but laugh and the incessant flow of her witticisms keep the party merry—she is pronounced "some entertainer."

A little time elapses. The glare of the white lights have completely captivated Lucy, but perhaps the

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many rides in Clarence's magnificent limousine are responsible for much of it. Cupid has shot his darts. Clarence is hit with one—Lucy receives the other and, to make a long story short, the girl is wearing an expensive diamond solitaire.

How Lucy admires her diamond and much more all it stands for—love—wealth—society, and what not. Yet comes a time that she meditates. How about Randy—well—after all is he not just a school girl's lover—do not all school girls have lovers that pass when the right one comes along—And thus Lucy tries to argue herself away from Randy—but

What joy maintains in Aunt Lucy's home when Lucy's mother pays the promised visit. What wonderful things Lucy has to tell her fond parent and among them the glad, yet very embarrassing information, that she wears Clarence Marshall's ring. But Lucy is mortified to see her mother's concern and emotion—what does it all mean—why does mother act so strange—well—mother always is suspicious and especially of men—wish I knew what there is buried in mother's life that makes her mistrust men so. But when Aunt Mary comes to Lucy's rescue and tells her sister Ada what a rare find Lucy has really made—of the beautiful home that is in store for her—what a dear boy he is, and all to the extent that her mother becomes convinced and really anticipates the day—

Comes the time when Lucy's mother has returned home and had a little time to think matters over—she is not so sure that all this promised glory for Lucy is conducive to the happiness and comfort the girl deserves—she is very meditative, which is broken however, when Lucy's letter, telling of her

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immediate return home, arrives—

What a glare of bright lights flare in the fashionable city cabaret—what scantily dressed denizens—how brazen the dancing girls and how susceptible the men to their vampiring coquetterie—it goes without saying that the resort is a "rendezvous" for those of "tender virtue." But the appalling thing is that, with other young men, Clarence Marshall appears, and the manner in which the girls flock around him implies that he is no stranger at the resort. His deportment with one of the vamps—well—enough said that we sigh to think of sweet Lucy's future.

How proud Randy is to meet the train with his "Ford," and yet—is he welcome—it is a long time since Lucy has written to him—he must be brave—a faint heart ne'er won a fair lady. How his heart comes in his throat as he sees her step from the train—that same, old sweet smile—that Balm of Gilead. Indeed, Lucy is pleased to meet Randy—but there is a difference that he feels keenly—it is not as it used to be—How fortunate that her glove conceals the solitaire—

Mrs. Melrose gives a welcome home for her accomplished daughter and her old school friends are invited, foremost among whom is Randy. That he can dress equal to the occasion is manifest, for he, like all modern country boys, is quite city-like in his apparel. What a jolly time they have indeed—But just at the close of the "soiree" Lucy consents to sing, with a girl friend accompanying at the piano—what an encore—she must sing again—This time she sings with the deepest pathos, the beautiful old song: "A BIRD WITH A BROKEN WING." For all the world she would never have sung it, had she

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known the effect it has on her mother, whose emotion is intense. Lucy gulps at her notes as she sees her mother weeping, then leave the room with her eyes buried in her handkerchief. It is with difficulty that she struggles through the last verse—Fully sensitive to the occasion, and in deference to Lucy's feelings the young people withdraw, leaving Lucy alone in the parlor. What can it all mean—why her mother's emotion—what ever is this romance in her mother's life—she just must know—

In her boudoir, her mother is weeping convulsively, and unconscious of the fact that Lucy stands breathlessly near. Reminiscences of some horrid past haunt her mother. The round eyed girl comes forward—puts her arms around her mother—kisses her and asks what it all means, but the only answer comes between sobs: "YOUR SONG." Lucy is bewildered when, calming herself her mother repeats the beautiful lines of one of the verses:

"She lived with a nobler purpose,
And struggled not in vain,
Yet the life that sin has stricken
Never soared as high again."

Then her anguish comes with renewed force. She must—No—she just can not tell the girl—Lucy is dumbfounded. How can she tell her daughter—how dare she blight the young life, so sweet and happy—such a tender flow of purity—But Lucy insists that she hear her mother's sorrow when looking vacantly into space and with tear dimmed eyes the mother tells how a young man wooed and won her affections—how, in an unguarded moment she gave herself to him—Lucy's heart is in her throat. The mother continues saying that he in whom she

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confided proved false and left her and concluded: "AND THE ERROR OF THAT MOMENT HAS BEEN THE SORROW OF MY LIFE." Her head drops in her arms. How Lucy's emotional fingers twitch—she is mystified—how a million thoughts flash through her mind as her mother's head is buried in her arms. Composing herself a little, her mother continues: "BUT FOR YOU, DEARIE, I WOULD HAVE ENDED ALL."—Lucy regains her composure and pushes her mother for the remainder of the story but the sobbing mother asks to be left alone and Lucy exits—Alone, the mother struggles—says—"A BIRD WITH A BROKEN PINION NEVER SOARS AS HIGH AGAIN."—then her anguish comes thundering—Must she—can she—dare she tell her daughter that she is one of those very unfortunate unmarried mothers—and yet—

—In her rooms Lucy is face to face with the cruel truth of which she has little dreamed—what a victim of cruelty that poor mother is—Lucy's emotion is intense—She looks at her solitaire—seems to shrink from it. Can it be—No, no—Clarence is not that way—he is too noble and yet—the thought gives her the cold chills. Lucy is unaware that her mother stands breathlessly near and says to herself, that it is cruel to burden the sweet life with what she has carried alone for years. She is about to advance when Lucy assumes a vindictive, revengeful mien as she clenches her fists—stamps her feet and with a distorted face, says through gritting teeth: "VILLAIN — RATTLESNAKE — I WISH I HAD HIM HERE, I'D—SCRATCH HIS EYES OUT—TEAR HIS HEART OUT—I'D—"

But her mother interrupts—pleads with the infuriated girl to calm herself, but instead comes: "I

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HATE HIM—I."—How the kind mother begs her to be calm and considerate—says that ere he died he paid a thousand remorse for their folly besides he was not altogether to blame—She startled Lucy with the beautiful words: "NO GIRL WILL FALL TILL SHE WAVE THE WHITE FLAG OF SURRENDER." What a revelation to the round eyed Lucy. The mother would speak but her heart chokes her and her head fall in her arms. Comes the word: "BESIDES"—How Lucy waits for the word that is to wound—Then: "HE WAS YOUR FATHER" Lucy staggers, the mother sobs hysterically—

Alone, Lucy's anguish is intense—she meditates then says: "THEN—WHO AM I——" As her head rises from her arms she looks at her solitaire with ghastly face—Is he—No, she just can not believe him that kind of a man——

What a melancholy day for Randy when Lucy, while walking with him is forced to make the truth known, and not until she shows him the solitaire will his ever hopeful heart believe. His last hope seems blasted—already he sees the final portal of his happiness close his life in the dark dungeon of despair. Lucy is quick to sympathize—yet—what can be done—the parting on this occasion is intensely solemn for she suffers with him—knowing keenly that he adores with a love divine——

Sadness maintains in the Melrose home, for Lucy's mother is sinking, and though friends sympathize, Lucy's broken heart can not be comforted. The nurse comes for Lucy and then leaves her alone with her mother. How the dear soul appreciates her daughter's presence—her kindness—Yet what concern she manifests for she would—must speak as she holds Lucy's hands. Lucy's pleadings that

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she do not exert herself avail nothing for she is determined that she talk to Lucy. She refers to "THE WHITE FLAG OF SURRENDER"—how it comes to the girl with the force of Hercules. Seeming to realize the effect the song will have she asks Lucy to sing it for her—Could anything so utterly impossible be asked tonight—yet she knows that the moments are numbered and soon—yes, she will comply with this request if she die in the attempt.—None but those who have sat beside a dying mother can understand the anguish in which the poor girl sings—Her mother smiles faintly—closes her eyes in majestic sweetness, while Lucy, her eyes full of tears to see, is singing to space. The effort is finished and she turns to her mother, only to see the startling sight, and to know that while she sang, that dear soul passed to where there is balm for all human woes—

Big hearted Randy is foremost with his sympathy for Lucy, now alone in the world, at it were. How she appreciates that friendship—his offer to stand by her through thick and thin—that if she ever need a brother—He weeps with her—lives her anguish—then bravely struggles with her until once more we see that same old sweet smile come back—just a ray of light, however, breaking through a sombre cloud.—As she glances at her solitaire, gloom again casts its shadow before and, as Randy takes the hand in his, the haunting jewel only cuts deeper the chains of his despair—Dare he hope on—

Lucy is alone—how she struggles with her heart as she visualizes Randy, pure, sweet, loving, and kind on the one hand, and Clarence, in whom she confides—guilted halls—limousines—the man—

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sion—servants to answer her beck and call, on the other—She is now carried from the cruel torture, seemingly on the wings of ecstasy, as she seems to fly into the anticipation of all that money can bring—such a realm of bliss and love—As she looks at her ring she comes to herself once more—to a full realization of the great problems of life—of its woes—its dramas—Of her mother when, unconsciously, perhaps, she lisps: "TILL SHE WAVE THE WHITE FLAG." How dear the words—may they last her through life—The door bell rings—it is Clarence Marshall—what a relief—what a sudden joy—she extends both hands which he takes—sees she has been crying—wonders. In his arms he kisses her—What bliss—

But not so with Randy when he sees the grand limousine outside the Melrose home, the sight of which is a challenge to his very heart strings. Stealing into the little garden, where he and Lucy have passed happy moments—he meditates, then suddenly becomes vindictive—She must be his—she shall be his—he will have her if he has to—His heart is now even murderous—Yet he allows the limousine with Clarence and Lucy to motor off

It is late in the afternoon when Clarence and Lucy return, and, in the parlor, he takes her into his arms and presses her to his bosom—insists that she name the day when she is to become mistress of the Marshall Villa. Her buoyant heart leaps in ecstasy—but suddenly—transported to the realm of solitude, she meditates—she now doubts that the marriage of a poor girl can bring happiness to the social aristocrat—can wealth and poverty mingle—can oil and water unite—Away such idle

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thoughts—yet—Clarence insists that she disabuse her mind of such nonsense but she insists on philosophizing—Will there be broken pinions—Impossible—yet—perhaps—She lisps the words:—"NEVER SOARED AS HIGH AGAIN." Clarence startles at her sudden emotion—What do her words mean—they are beyond him—He would hush her up when she still insists, when come the words:—"ALL I HAVE TO GIVE, CLARENCE, IS MY LOVE—MY PRICELESS PEARL OF CHASTITY AND A CLEAN BODY."—Who, with Clarence, would not bow in humble admiration to such angelic nobility. Well may he think, with Milton, "that when a soul is found sincerely so, a thousand liveried angels lackey her." What a boon—just a heaven ordained angel sent below for his special benefit—when—

—THE DENOUEMENT—

But there must not be one standard of morality for a man and another for a woman, and Lucy has suddenly learned this truth—she looks squarely into Clarence's eye as she says with determination:—"CAN YOU, IN TURN, GIVE THAT CHASTITY"

—What a thrust—dumbfounded—bewildered—nearly knocked down—he is mortified—While Lucy begins to learn the cold, cruel truth—the scales are falling from her eyes—she is breathless. Heavens—can it be that Clarence too—But the guilty needs no further accusing—With a scream she rushes out of the room, leaving him alone—If ever a guilty soul suffered the torments of hell, so Clarence, stung by the thrust of purity, suffers the remorse of conscience.—While, in another room, Lucy is distracted—Only the girl who has had her

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very heart strings torn from their moorings, knows what the girl passes through as she is swayed interchangeably from sobs to hysterical little laughs, while her twitching fingers tear at her handkerchief. But she becomes brave—majestically brave as she re-enters the room and hands Clarence back his ring—extends her hand and bids him good bye—"FOREVER"—And as he leaves the room, dejected, forlorn and broken hearted—she sees all her visions of happiness and fond expectations of gilded halls, flee from her—yet how she appreciates what remains:—"PURITY."

Incensed to desperation, Randy has taken a revolver from the dresser and with determination, has arrived at the limousine just as the dejected Clarence is coming from the house. With his hands on the gun he grimly awaits—but when he beholds that ghastly face of remorse—anguish, etc., Randy mellows and staringly watches him enter his limousine and motor off—What does it all mean—He goes to the house where he finds Lucy in convulsive tears—In his loving, brotherly way he draws her to his arms consolingly—As his hand takes hers he startles—What—the ring is not there—he must look for sure—What a revelation—What a solace—how he understands—Then, as he takes her again in his arms—presses her to his bosom, and her arms pass around his neck—two chaste lives are held in each others embrace.
